

The Young Sea

THE SEA is never still.
It pounds on the shore
Restless as a young heart,
Hunting.

5 The sea speaks
And only the stormy hearts
Know what it says:
It is the face of a rough mother speaking.
The sea is young.

10 One storm cleans all the hoar
And loosens the age of it.
I hear it laughing, reckless.

They love the sea,
Men who ride on it

15 And know they will die
Under the salt of it

Let only the young come,
Says the sea.

Let them kiss my face

20 And hear me.
I am the last word
And I tell
Where storms and stars come from.

—Carl Sandburg